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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 5, 1899. NUMBER 19.

An Instantaneous Photograph
Taken at Lichtenrade, Berlin.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE STORK.

By R. W. Wood, Esq.,
University of Wisconsin

WHAT THE CHICAGO PAPERS SAY ABOUT UNITY.

(From the *Journal.*)

New life has been infused into Unity, the well-known Chicago weekly paper, by the association of William Kent with Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the editorship. In the first number under the new régime there is ample promise of a brilliant future. The association of editors is a happy one and does much to fulfill the periodical's motto of "Religion without dogma and civics without partisan bias."

Aside from the work of the editors there are many good things in the current issue. Miss Jane Addams writes of "Christmas Fellowship," and Frances B. Dunning and James H. West are the other contributors. The home department is well edited and the poetry is of the best.

On the whole the editors of Unity should be well satisfied with their paper and its promise of increased usefulness and prosperity.

(From the *Herald.*)

Unity, now in its forty-seventh volume, formerly the organ of unitarianism in the city, but lately broadened out into the official organ of the Congress of Liberal Religion, is one of the brightest and best of religious weeklies. Its issue of last Thursday, filled with sparkling editorial, good literature and current religious news, fully justifies its claim to be considered "a weekly journal of religion without dogma and civics without partisan bias."

The current number contains, among other attractions, "Some Problems of National Expansion," by Edwin Burritt Smith; "Out-Doors," by William Kent; "Some Recent Addresses," by L. P. Burdict; a sermon on "Life's Challenge," by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane; "The Asian Book Shelf," by Frederick Starr, and "Facts About the Bible," by J. C. Crooker. Not the least of its attractions are its splendid typography and the uncommonly beautiful paper on which it is printed. It is published for the Unity Publishing Company by Alfred C. Clark & Co.

(From the *Post.*)

Unity, founded twenty years ago as a religious weekly, has broadened its policy, and hereafter will stand as a champion of civic honesty and purity as well as a home and religious paper. This announcement is made in the issue of the present week, and the paper contains, in addition to a sermon by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, book reviews and matter for home reading, an editorial on "The Traction Fight." * * *

(From the *Chronicle.*)

Unity is the title of a publication described as "a weekly journal of religion without dogma and civics without partisan bias." The periodical appears to warrant the description. * * * There are no short cuts in civics or in religion." And this declaration fairly summarizes the spirit and attitude of the publication. No one is either deified or pilloried in its columns. There is an agreeable absence of superlatives. The conductors of the journal have set to work to attain a desired end in a common-sense fashion, and though they may fall short of their object they are sure to achieve a success which will be denied to perfervid pulpiteers and neurotic reformers with one eye on original sin and the other on the box office receipts. Unity will be respected and it will be successful so far as it is in the power of mortals—and of newspapers — to command success. And even where it fails of commanding success it will deserve it

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(From the *Tribune.*)

Unity, the paper which for twenty years has stood for the cause of religion without dogma, as the leading announcement on its first page says, has passed into the control of William Kent, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and Miss Jane Addams. The announcement says that the paper now steps forth on a larger platform to fight for civic integrity, and as an indication of this the first number under the new régime presents a commentary on "The Traction Fight." * * *

The name Unity is preserved "without qualifying adjectives," because "it is to big to suggest sectarianism in these days of the destruction of boundary fences."

Miss Addams has written of "Christmas Fellowship," treating the question from a humanitarian standpoint.

Mr. Jones, under the department of "The Pulpit," speaks of the "Messianic Expectation."

(From *The Dial.*)

Our weekly contemporary, Unity, which has been published in Chicago for twenty years, announces an enlargement of scope whereby it will in future champion the cause of civic integrity in addition to its services in behalf of broad religious truth. Mr. William Kent is now associated with Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the editorship, a conjunction from which much may be expected. Mr. Kent has long been a fighter in the good cause of upright politics, and is, besides, a direct and vigorous writer.

UNITY

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Bad as the Spanish rule has been in Cuba, glad as we are that it is over, we can but feel the pathos of the situation to the Spaniards and the human heart cannot withhold sympathy with Castellanos, who shed tears when he saw his flag descend and his voice refused to serve him as he tried to speak his farewell words. Some time, under fairer skies and under the inspiration of nobler ideals, it is for us to hope that we may again salute the flag of Spain with respect and love. Spain has itself been victimized by a false system that carries so many wrongs to other lands.

It is pleasant not to be a Chicago traction company. It is better to have the grip. The mayor believes in municipal ownership. Ex-Governor Altgeld, with a considerable following, believes that anything the mayor might, could, would or should believe, or may believe, in the future has been, is or will be, so favorable in its terms to the companies as to make Mr. Harrison ineligible for reëlection. The Republican nominee will not make a pro-traction-company campaign. It looks as though some outlet must be found for the water that will be squeezed out of the stocks of the companies. We may need a new drainage district.

Many years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes, an ardent devotee to the lens in all its forms, said that if a neighboring planet was to swing within hailing distance of the earth and a resident thereon was to ask for the most wonderful thing yet attained on earth by man, he would promptly throw him, as he passed, a stereoscope showing how man had succeeded in using the sun, not only as a painter, but as a sculptor, conveying to the eye the impression of three dimensions. The objects stand out so that the eye can, so to speak, see around them. Since that day there has been a most wonderful advance in photography. To the three dimensions of the stereoscope has been added the motion of the kinetoscope. The instantaneous photography has been so developed as to photograph the flying train as though it were standing still, and to catch the lightning on its flight, and soon it will reproduce color as well as form. Our frontispiece this week illustrates the happy achievement of high art photography, the stork rising from its nest high above the old cathedral town, is caught and held there in perpetual poise by the lens, a symbol of the permanency of passing things and the reality of things fugitive. Time indeed flies, but upon the sensitive plate of the Eternal all its pictures abide.

Now that the Spanish flag has been lowered over Cuba the real problem of the elevation of the Cubans is to begin. We hear once more of the starving babies, the cry of whom has been overlooked since the war in their behalf was declared. But Cuba is not to be helped by charity. It now needs the steel plow, the mowing machine, the better horse and the thoroughbred cow. The questions of better tillage, improved agriculture and higher intelligence are the only questions in order. We are glad to announce the organization of the "Cuban Industrial Relief Fund," with headquarters at No. 75 Tribune building, New York, which sets itself to this very task. It deserves the support and coöperation of right-minded people everywhere.

Whatever passing breach of taste may have been committed by Lieutenant Hobson and his saluting admirers, the vulgarity has been chiefly confined to the coarse way in which it has been handled by the press, secular and religious. Feeling may be too exuberant and enthusiasm may need to be curbed, but the cold-blooded sneers and the gross caricature of the same is impure. Hobson is still a hero and the enthusiastic appreciation of the American women of the daring act is not misplaced. If their expression of the same was touched with orientalism, or even continental demonstration hardly becoming to the reserve of American society, it was only a violation of good form and not of good morals. Let the first shame be visited upon the newspapers, who have shown that to the impure nothing is pure, at least it is the part of chivalry as well as ethics to remember the motto of the crown of England, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

If the work of the recent Chicago grand jury has had no other result, it is at any rate a notice, to whom it may concern, that boodling as an institution is growing unpopular. The inconceivable wickedness of other years is coming to an end. A retrospect over

the insolence of unrebuked corruption in the past, as compared with even the tentative struggle of the present, must bring hope to every loyal citizen of Illinois. Four years ago John Powers was the style and not the curiosity he now is. Four years ago Maltby and Schlake, who then as now represented their wards, were considered harmless lunatics, who "didn't know a good thing when they saw it." In the good days that are coming John Powers and Cullerton and John Riley Tanner will be extremely valuable as exhibits in the Field Museum as vanished types of statesmanship. The embalming charges and mummy cloth will be paid for over and over again by the admission fees of curious students in sociology.

Our "Property."

The astronomical pastor of Unity Church, Omaha, Newton M. Mann, has been measuring up the Philippines and giving the result in a sermon on "Expansion," which lies before us. He tells us that the extent of the archipelago is not generally known, and that it is "by nature one of the most charming parts of the tropical world, and though the Spaniards have held it for three hundred years or more their knowledge of it is no less dense than ours. They have counted fourteen hundred islands; how many more there are they do not profess to know. These islands are scattered over fifteen degrees of longitude and ten degrees of latitude, and the rectangle, including the land and water area, is about as large as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River. The northern island is as far from the southern as Duluth is from New Orleans. The land area is unknown. Luzon, which is somewhat the largest, has an extent equal to the state of Ohio. The resources of the archipelago, which have never been developed, are practically unlimited, but are likely to yield astounding surprises." Mr. Mann's views concerning expansion are apparently opposed to those urged by the present writer elsewhere in this paper. Of the natural wealth of these islands, or their possible commercial value, there can be no doubt. The primal question seems to be one which we admit no nation, unless it be the United States, has a disposition to consider, viz.: Have the natives a right to a choice in this matter? Is there no way of elevating a primitive people or occupying their land except by invasion and military rule? Here again this question must wait until there is further understanding of the character of the natives. Stevenson found at Samoa a people susceptible to kindness, gentle and capable of much love and loyalty. May not the inhabitants of this vast territory be of the same kind? Anthropology is giving us some new conception of undeveloped races. But few of them are blood thirsty and violent, except when driven to desperation. These are characteristics of strength, while the leading trait of undeveloped people is weakness, timidity. They are easily imposed upon and their rights are generally ruthlessly defied by so-called "civilization." In these days of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when the rights of the dog, the horse and the birds are valiantly defended, is it not time that we should have a society for the prevention of cruelty to savages, and conventions for the discussion of the rights of natives? Mr. Mann admits that the United States has proven itself woefully inadequate to the problems raised by the annexation of Alaska. If we are to avoid the mistake in the future, let us know what manner of people we are to deal with, and if the resentment of the natives at Iloilo should develop a strength sufficient to call for further mobilization of United States soldiers, we will be confronted with another vexing war. Having conquered the Spaniards in the Philippines, are we justified in going on and finishing the task by conquering the natives of these far-away islands, simply because, as all agree, they have only slightly touched with Spanish power. Measured by its success in governing unnumbered islands of the sea, it would seem as if Spain had but little to turn over to the United States for its $20,000,000.

At the Wishing Gate.

New Year's resolves have been so discounted by experience that they never pass for par value. But we may safely indulge in some wholesome wishing at this season of the year, for there are spiritual values in hopes. In this first number of the year we indulge in the hope that next year there will be less partisanship in politics, less sectarianism in religion, less artificiality in the home and less extravagance in the individual life.

We hope that in the year to come there will be some weak churches touched with sufficient sense and conscience to give up their individual lives, starved and inadequate, and come together, pool their earnings and their vitality, and amount to something in the interest of the fundamentals which they all hold in common. We hope that preachers will more and more avoid the polemics of theology, that they may more and more emphasize the harmonies of ethics and the inspirations of the good life. We hope woman will become less womanish in her social activities, that she will take a new hope for man and reobligate herself to her husband, father and brother, and determine to save them to the life of the intellect and the heart by culture and coöperation. We hope men will spend less time and money at their social clubs and more in their homes and the church where their wives and children may accompany them; and that they may see that whisky, brandy and beer are just as bad things to take from the costly sideboard of the club as they are from the dirty bar of the saloon. We hope more will be done for the boys this year than last. More effort put forth to save them from the idle evenings on the street and with the associates which their parents know not. We hope there will be more done for the girls this year than last, to save them from being silly in dress, frivolous in their associates and unwise in their reading. We hope there will be fewer birds killed this year than last, to disfigure women's bonnets and thus to minimize the dignity and beauty of woman's brow. We hope there will be less indiscriminate giving, more coöperative giving to and through the various associated charity organizations of the country. We hope that Consumers' Leagues will be

multiplied and made efficient. We hope that there will be more Municipal Voters' Leagues organized to encourage independence in politics, to disassociate local, civic interests from national party politics. We hope that the Congress of Religion will spread, that there will be held this year, at least in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York and Ohio, successful State Congresses of Religion, at which will gather representatives of the different religious organizations, and that they will come to find out the great things they can do together. We hope that there will be a great national meeting of the Congress held, probably in Boston, the sixth annual meeting, the greatest of them all. And we hope that UNITY will be increasingly a help in all these directions, and in order that this may be so, we wish for five thousand new subscribers, and we hope that you who are now standing with us at the Wishing Gate of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine will help us.

The "Money Power."

Great talk has been shed upon the unoffending and defenseless circumambient air concerning the "Money Power." It has been urged as a conspiracy to corral all the "money" in the world. The talk has been based on the theory that on one side were all the things in the world and on the other was all the "money" in the world, and the price of the things was the money, and that after having gotten all the things the former owners of the money would, by some inconceivable juggling get the money back and incidentally all the people as serfs, as well as the things.

This argument has hardly carried with the sober sense of the American people, but a real danger is arising which no economist can deny, because it is based on recorded facts and not on opinions. This danger is found in the formation of great trusts and their battle with competitors. So long as the trust finds that it can, by greater economy of rent, of management or by saving of waste, advantageously, compete with lesser concerns, it simply means that it is an economic factor, giving more things to the community at a lessened cost. This may be hard on some individuals, but whether it is well or not is a remote question. It is when we find the trust or great corporation dealing foully with its competitors, and able so to deal with them by reason of great resources, wrongfully applied, that we find the real danger of what people have ignorantly designated as the "Money Power." All the way from cowardly and baseless litigation to bribery of distributing agencies, to the securing of freight rebates and corrupt legislation, we see the slimy trail of unfair and unconscionable competition. Whatever views we hold of economics we know that these things the people ought not to tolerate and will not tolerate. They mean some form of adjustment, before revolution or after. We have gone along criticising the fallacies of the discontented and believing that with days of greater prosperity these fallacies would fall by the wayside, but there are some things beyond and above economic reasoning. Fair play is one of them, equal rights is another, the honesty of public legislation is another, and when these are attacked by combinations of capital we can rest assured that above the conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon people is the self-respect that has stood for these principles against despotism and will stand for them against commercialism.

The South and the War.

It is good that the country is united. It is bad to mistake mere evidence of national unity for the thing itself, to assume that each fresh expression of general loyalty marks the restoration of the Union. It seems that many regard the war against Spain as the close of the most tragic epoch in our internal history. To them this alone justifies the tragedy of the year.

The truth is that no evidence of the restoration of the Union was required. Much less was there need of a new war to efface the bitterness of civil strife. All feeling of bitterness has long since disappeared. The late war came much too late to be of any service in the restoration of the Union; the country ceased to be divided upon the destruction of slavery. With the removal of its cause the historic difference in the attitude of the North and the South to the Union disappeared, and no trace of it remains. The Union was long since not merely restored but made "more perfect." There is something childish, if not worse, in the joy of some over the late war as an opportunity for the North and the South to fight together "under the old flag again." For nearly a generation they had striven together "to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who had borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." In this noble task their mutual achievements had long been the admiration of the world. There was no need that they should fight together "under the old flag again" to testify to their common loyalty to the Union. There is something nobler than fighting together, even "under the old flag."

The time has fully come to accept the real unity of our people as matter of course, to assume the loyalty of the South as we assume that of the East and the West, to expect from all our people the same devotion to the Union. The South has now so long brought forth works meet for repentance, of all for which repentance from her was due, that none who adequately appreciates the complete triumph of the war for the Union can wish or ask at her hands any further protestation of loyalty or special service to the country. He is indeed blind to whom the late war, much less the President's recent political pilgrimage, was necessary to make him realize that the Union is really restored.

The necessity, the wisdom, even the justice, of our war against Spain are still widely doubted. Whether our interference in a quarrel that was not ours, whether our breach of the peace of the world, after Spain had conceded our reasonable demands, can be justified, depends almost wholly upon our execution of the far greater task that remains. The final verdict of history upon our action will depend on its results rather than its manner or occasion. That verdict will make short work of the idle claim that it contributed to the restoration of the Union.

E. B. S.

The Peasantism of Count Leo Tolstoi.

Leo Tolstoi, with respect to his personal history, may be said to describe a series of contraries. Thus he is a Russian opposed to Muscoviteism, a revolutionist who offers no resistance to evil, a follower of Christ who abjures Christianity, an artist who mocks at beauty, an author who disbelieves in copyright, a noble who preaches brotherhood, a man of seventy years who says he is but twenty-five.

The explanation of this strange and complex history is found in the fact of his spiritual conversion in 1873. Before that date he was a Russian count, an atheist, a nihilist, an artist of the aristocratic school. But, turning from this past, and accepting Christianity in the terms of the Sermon on the Mount, it was not long before he left the palace for the fields and began to write according to a new definition of art. In Christianity and Peasantism his whole life is now contained. Christ gives him the principle of the new life, the peasant shows how it may be accomplished.

In conversation with Henry Fisher, Tolstoi recently gave the following account of his "new birth:" "It's all so lifelike, I might have experienced it yesterday: A beautiful spring morning, God's birds singing and His insects humming in the grass. My horse, tired of the great burden which I, brutelike, imposed upon his back, stood still under the wooden image of the Christ at a cross-road. I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the scene that I indulged the beast, allowing the reins to rest upon his neck while he rummaged for young grass and leaves. By and by a group of moujik pilgrims intruded upon my resting place and without knowing what I was doing I listened to their prayers. It was the most wholesome medicine ever administered to a doubting soul. The simplicity and ignorance of the poor moujik, the confiding moujik, the every hopeful moujik, touched my heart. I came from under that cross a new man. When I led my beast of burden—God's creature, like myself—away, I knew that the kingdom of God is within us and that the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount should be the crowning rule of a Christian's life." From this is appears that a peasant was the agent of Tolstoi's redemption. And Peasantism, working on in the heart of the man, disrupting his old ideas, carried forward to completion the transformation that began with a spiritual conversion. To present the whole history of Tolstoi it would be necessary, therefore, to consider the play and interaction of these two forces. It is possible, however, to separate them in thought and to trace the line of Peasantism independently.

Specifically, Peasantism displayed its effect in Tolstoi in two ways. It determined the spirit of his philosophy of life and formulated in particular one of his few practical precepts for conduct, and it furnished him a standard of judgment with reference to which he criticised the current forms of religion, government and art.

Consider the temper of his practical philosophy. By way of negation he has said, "Offend no one," "Take no oath," "Resist not evil." For personal commands he wrote, "Be pure," "Love mankind." Then, with the full force of Peasantism upon him, he said, "Do thou labor." This precept dates from the writing of Anna Karenina, which appeared in 1875. From the time that Levine saved himself from pessimism by dwelling a day in the fields with the mowers, Tolstoi has proclaimed the doctrine of labor. Then take into view his social criticisms. The ideas advanced to condemn the present order are those of an average respectable, intelligent peasant. It is as if a peasant spoke. Is it not, indeed, a peasant's face that confronts us in his pictures? It seems that a man, born out of his due place in the palace, found in the fields at length the place to which he was destined by his very nativity—a place in nature and among realities.

To make this latter critical attitude altogether clear, one feature only of his Peasantism may be selected for exposition, his ideas on art.

A brief historical survey will be sufficient to clear the ground for Tolstoi's definition of art. For about two centuries now art has been defined in terms of beauty. The theory of art as beauty arose among the wealthy and cultured classes of Europe in the eighteenth century, its scientific formulation being due to a German metaphysician, Baumgarten, who flourished about 1750. From that time to this the field of art has been narrowing and refining, the artist withdrawing more and more from life, and within his special realm developing technique and abstracting form, until what is called the fine arts alone receive recognition, and among fine artists only the most dextrous to manipulate form win the plaudits of the cultured world. For two centuries, in short, art has been developing along aristocratic lines. Criticism, likewise, has been called to serve the requirements of a society devoted to pleasure. The decision as to what is good art and what not has been undertaken by the "finest nurtured." The natural result of the refining process has been the creation of an art from the enjoyment of which the great masses of men are excluded.

Now Tolstoi is one of a small company of men who perceive the necessity of a new order of art. The spirit of the new day is universality. A culture that does not carry with it the whole people is doomed to failure. And this universality is to be gained not through the extension of aristocratic culture among the people, not through the education of the masses in the philosophy of the classes, but through a new philosophy and a new criticism that shall meet the demands of a democratic society and result in an art that shall be in its own nature universal in character. I do not see that democracy means either leveling up or leveling down; it means life on wholly new terms. The old art will be destroyed, root and branch, and a new art rise that shall start from the broad basis of the people's will. For the old art is based on privilege; the new art will not be simply the extension of privilege, but the utter rejection of privilege. Whitman gives what he well calls "the sign of democracy" in the following sentence: "I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

In harmony with this thought, Tolstoi seeks to start a new definition of art: "To evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced, and having evoked it in oneself, then by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds or forms, expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art." "Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them." Or, in other words, "Art is the infection by one man of another with the feelings experienced by the infector."

This may be called the definition of Peasantism. Observe its grounds. It puts aside the conception of beauty altogether and defines art in terms of experience. That is, it ceases to consider art as a means of pleasure, but as one of the conditions of human life. Art, then, is one of the two organs of human progress. By words we exchange thoughts; by art we interchange feelings. Thus considered, art is primarily a

means of union among men, indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity. The ideal of excellence of such an art is not exclusiveness of feeling accessible to some, but universality, not obscurity and complexity, but clearness and simplicity. Its motive will be sociological, that is, moral and altruistic. It will draw from the primal sources of religion.

The value of contemporary art, when adjudged from the ideal of universality, seems small. The experiences of the ruling classes, as they have come to record in art, amount to hardly more than three—the feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire and the feeling of the weariness of life. Upon these themes poetry especially has played endless changes. But these are by no means universal feelings—they are those of an idle pleasure-loving aristocracy. Before such art the peasant stands bewildered. He has no attachment to it. All his own rich life is unreflected there. And lest it be thought that the experiences of the peasant are barren and uninteresting, Tolstoi insists that the world of labor is rich in subject materials for art. He points to the endlessly varied forms of labor; the dangers connected with that labor on sea and land; the laborer's migrations, his intercourse with his employers, overseers and companions, and with men of other religions and other nationalities; his struggles with nature and with wild animals, his association with the domestic animals; his work in the forests, the plains, the fields, the gardens, the orchards; his intercourse with wife and children, not only as with people near and dear to him, but as with coworkers and helpers in labor, replacing him in time of need; his concern in all economic questions, not as matters of display or discussion, but as problems of life for himself and family; his pride and self-suppression, and service to others; his pleasure or refreshment; and, above all, his devotion to religion.

But to set off the value of one life against that of another is no part of Tolstoi's definition. The judgment of a peasant is no more to be respected than the judgment of the "finest nurtured." What the new theory shows is the shifting of the æsthetic ground from what is special to what is universal, from what is form to what is experience.

To illustrate Tolstoi's definition by reference to concrete instances of popular art, is not easy. Tolstoi's own illustrations seem trivial in comparison with the great works of the past that may be mentioned to prove the artistocratic definition of beauty. And, of course, the simple explanation is that a mature illustration of popular art does not exist. The rise of the people is a phenomenon of the present century. Whereas, for centuries the field of art has been held by the artists of aristocracy. To-day the professional artists are everywhere on the side of tradition. And criticism for the most part upholds the standards of culture. Outside of Millet's portraiture of the peasant laborer and Whitman's poems exploiting the average man, one does not know where to go for a large illustration of an art that springs from popular feeling. One painting at the World's Fair may, however, be mentioned. This was a picture recording an almost universal experience, the breaking of home ties, and few stood before that picture whose eyes did not wet with tears. As might be expected, this painting is pointed to by the professional artist as an instance of bad art, yet it was very generally applauded by the people. Art, says Tolstoi, is an infection—that picture is infectious.

From many signs it appears that this is the moment of transition. All the features that accompany transition are exhibited in the works of Tolstoi himself, as well as in the works of kindred spirits, John Ruskin and William Morris. These men, with respect to "fine writing," illustrate almost the best that can be done in the creation of works springing from the sense of beauty. But catching glimpses of the new thought and becoming advocates of a new definition of art, they gave up art on the old terms of exclusion and labored in the interests of the people. This change of face is not due to "perverted vision," as their critics would have us believe, but to the new revelation they have caught from the mountain tops of their observation. With this change of attitude, moreover, the inconsistencies with which these authors are charged could hardly be avoided. One may not wish to defend inconsistency, but in their case it is not difficult to explain. A river that meets the incoming tides from the sea is uncertain during the hour of transition whether to resist its own traditions or strive to overcome the new tendency. Would it not be strange if, even when in the grasp of the sea, it did not have memories of its flow through the upper meadows and be taken with sudden ardor to reassert its past. Without further effort to define Tolstoi's position, the significance of his view may be dwelt on at some length, for the value of the new thought must depend upon its coincidence with the currents of history. The doctrine of labor is surely no new theory in the history of thought. "Blessed is he who has found his work," spoke out Carlyle with convincing force. And with the curse removed from labor, a new view is taken of life that is lived in lowly station. Mæterlinck finds in the humblest soul abundant treasure. "There are about us," he says, "thousands of poor creatures who have nothing of beauty in their lives; they come and go in obscurity, and we believe all is dead within them, and no one pays any heed. And then one day a simple word, an unexpected silence, a little tear that springs from the source of beauty itself, tell us they have found the means of raising aloft, in the shadow of their soul, an ideal a thousand times more beautiful than the most beautiful things their ears have ever heard or their eyes ever seen. Oh, noble and pallid ideals of silence and shadow! It is you, above all, who call forth the smile of the angels; it is you, above all, who soar direct to God!" These and many other evidences point to the fact that we are all coming to take toward life the attitude of Peasantism.

Into all realms of thought, indeed, the spirit of democracy is penetrating. For long ages now the Christian world has been taught to observe the judgments that arise within the "Kingdom of God"—how God is a king, who has established a kingdom, who compels service upon subjects whose duty is to obey. But these conceptions, king, kingdom, subject, duty, obedience, find little response among men who, as to other affairs, are living in federation and under republican forms. And at length prophets are arising upon whose lips the word king is never heard, and in whose minds the conception of kingship is never formed—prophets, that is, of cosmic democracy. Immortality was once exclusive and aristocratic; it is now democratic.

One may point, further, to the advances made in educational theory and method, the yielding of the ideal of a special culture, the broadening of the educational ideal to include the knowing of nature, training in the professions, commerce, and the mechanical industries, the attention paid to the child in the home and the kindergarten rather than the adult in his library, the substitution for the discipline of the intellect, the free self-activity of personality. Probably, indeed, education has advanced farther in the direction of Peasantism than any other social form except, perhaps, the political. The advent of Peasantism into politics is no doubt the most conspicuous fact of the

century. We can never overestimate the significance of our peasant—President Lincoln—one made out of the most common fiber, brought up without any of the advantages of culture, yet the peer of any king in Europe, whom Lowell truly called "the first American," whom we all recognize as the accredited prophet of a new social order.

One might point, finally, to the transformations being wrought within the field of art itself, though art is so slow to respond to the general tendency, both with respect to the theory of art and its subject materials. For Tolstoi's definition of art in terms of experience is almost exactly paralleled by that of William Morris in terms of activity. "One day," Morris said, "we shall win back art again to our daily labor; win back art, that is to say, the pleasure of life, to the people." And as there are not lacking those who view art theoretically as the expression of experience, so there have not been wanting those who have sought to record the experiences of the people. That was a profound saying of Morris: "If I can't be the laureate of writing men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men." Moreover, the inclusion of new and realistic materials in the field of art is becoming more and more a noticeable phenomenon. Taking in view the historical phases of this feature, one remembers the innovations begun by Euripides in the direction of a realistic drama; the new spirit of Chaucer, who gave the miller and plowman a place among his pilgrims; the great-heartedness of Burns, who sang the glories of the home and field; the wide sympathies of Wordsworth, who depicted with all sincerity the dignity of the commonplace. Music also has been vitalized again and again through the use of folk melodies. A new interest in the life of the fields is being stimulated by a thousand landscape painters. Perhaps on the whole the case of art is not so bad as Tolstoi believes.

There are, then, these many signs of the evolution of universal Peasantism. By a primitive instinct Tolstoi has taken the side of the people. Taking the broad historical view, the question is pertinent, Is not the whole universe fighting on this side?

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The University of Chicago.

Good Poetry.

On, On, Forever.

Beneath this starry arch
  Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
  As if by one great will:
Moves one, moves all; hark to the foot-fall:
    On, On, Forever.

You sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song:
    On, On, Forever.

By night, like stars on high,
  The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
  I never watch in vain.
Moves one, moves all; hark to the foot-fall:
    On, On, Forever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time.
    On, On, Forever.

—*Harriet Martineau.*

*Ode on Solitude.

Happy the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
    In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
    In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcernedly find
  Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
    Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
  Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
    With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
  Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
    Tell where I lie.

—*Alexander Pope.*

Where-Away.

O the Lands of Where-Away!
Tell us—tell us—where are they?
Through the darkness and the dawn
We have journeyed on and on—
From the cradle to the cross—
From possession unto loss;
Seeking still, from day to day,
For the lands of Where-Away.

When our baby-feet were first
Planted where the daises burst,
And the greenest grasses grew
On the fields we wandered through,—
On, with childish discontent,
Ever on and on we went,
Hoping still to pass, some day,
O'er the verge of Where-Away.

Roses laid their velvet lips
On our own, with fragrant sips;
But their kisses held us not,
All their sweetness we forgot;—
Through the brambles in our track
Plucked at us to hold us back—
"Just ahead" we used to say,
"Lie the Lands of Where-Away."

Children at the pasture-bars,
Through the dusk, like glimmering stars,
Waved their hands that we should bide
With them over eventide;
Down the dark their voices failed
Falteringly, as they hailed,
And died into yesterday—
Night ahead and—Where-Away?

Twining arms about us thrown—
Warm caresses, all our own,
Can but stay us for a spell—
Love hath little new to tell
To the soul in need supreme,
Aching ever with the dream
Of the endless bliss it may
Find in Lands of Where-Away!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Among the Pines.

Faint murmurs from the pine-tops reach my ear,
As if a harp-string touched in some far sphere—
Vibrating in the lucid atmosphere,
Let the soft south wind waft its music here.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

* Written soon after Pope left school, when he was not twelve years old.

Out Doors.

It is rest to know the Nevada desert. It is a lesson in modest dignity. The valley slopes stretch away miles to the foothills, the foothills, with their miles, grade imperceptibly into the mountains. The mountains climb and climb to support the solid blue of the summer sky. The quiet gray of rock and sagebrush is over all the landscape. The querulous egotism of birds is hushed in distance. The self-assertive color of flowers does not challenge the eye. The mountains belie their beauties. They seem abrupt in the distance. The green patch barely visible is a wide meadow. The slight ravine holds a bubbling, plashing trout stream, issuing from one great spring and sinking out of sight before ever reaching the valley. The apparently perpendicular streak is a wagon road to a hidden ranch in some fertile valley.

Cattle may bellow and lambs bleat to their mothers, but distance smothers all sound in the vastness of the desert. The summer sun beats down with honest vigor. It is hot, that is what the sun is for, but there is nothing of mean or underhand sultriness about it. And when the sun has set and night's shade comes down it is cold as shade should be and there is nothing damp or mean about that either. And the people of Nevada, not townspeople, who are much the same everywhere, but those who live out doors, they have grown quiet and strong in their daily lives. They are weather worn, honest folk, who leave their houses open when they go away from home. They do not think about hospitality, for that is their life. The soil, with water on it, gives every man a living, and for the rest they are uncomplaining, because they have gone to bed with adversity and ridden side by side with it all day. Adversity has driven their drills into unremunerative mines. Adversity has sheared their sheep, has branded their cattle and harvested their grain. But they have always had something to eat and something to feed their neighbor, and if fortune ever smiles upon them they straightway dissipate that smile by a visit to town with all the variations that go with that western diversion. Just as the unaccustomed soil seems to overdo itself, if unexpectedly irrigated, in like measure does the citizen of the desert blossom out in the oasis of civilization. He drifts into town a quiet, dignified man, and makes for the nearest saloon; he is neither quiet nor dignified while his money lasts, nor are the friends with which his opulence surrounds him. At last it is over and again, quiet and uncomplaining he goes back into the hills to lead the life of wholesome hardship that is good for him. Some day those streams will all be stored; some day the deep brown soil of the alluvial valleys will be covered with grain; some day the mines will yield abundantly and a strong people will grow up self-reliant and compelling fortune. But, thank heaven, no puny work of man can change perceptibly the vast quiet face of the desert. The peace of nature will forever be there unbroken. The great gray stretches will forever look up into the great blue dome, asking nothing but peace and receiving peace bounteously.

In our studies of capitalization there is something almost humorous in the story that follows. Strange things may be reduced to terms of stock and bonds.

Along in 1886 there was organized by a group of local statemen a project known as the General Electric Railway. It was intended as a quiet and genteel blackmailing scheme, but its path was thorny, though ultimate success crowned the efforts of its promoters.

It was the most pyrotechnic display of fraud, crime and corruption seen in Chicago, and thereby reflected great credit on its father and chief lobbyist, and the various prominent legal advisers who assisted in obtaining votes in the city council and "justice" in the courts.

We are at this time interested in the capitalization of the scheme and the assets back of the stock and bond issues. Of course the ordinances granting the franchise were of great value, both before and after their passage, but the real solid, tangible assets of the concern harked back to some twelve miles of "frontage consents."

For under the law, prior to granting a franchise, the city council must be furnished with the consent in writing of owners holding a majority of the abutting property in each mile of street upon which it is proposed to lay track. This was not a difficult problem to solve. Once given the name of the owner, it was easy to write it on the petition, and that the vast majority of the consents were blithely forged is not by anyone denied. The courts have held that the council is the sole judge of frontage consents and the council and former Commissioner of Public Works Kent were not worried over small things like forgery. So the General Electric Railway became a thing of value. There was a certain magnificence about the prodigality of paper put forth. A few thousand shares of stock or a few bonds more or less were of no object as between gentlemen in or out of the council. Issues based on a few sheets of forged names came so easy as to make everyone open-hearted and liberal. In the end, it is stated, the Chicago City Railway bought off this pestiferous rivalry, before a rail had been laid, at a price of about a million and a quarter dollars. The public, which knows, or ought to know, the fallacy of parallel lines, and ought to know that the public must eventually pay for such villiany as this, will find that when the time comes for the City Railway to renew its franchises and pay rental for the streets there will be set up this blood money as a part of the capital of the City Railway to be recognized. This claim will not be more than half wrong, for a community that has tolerated such a council and such a Perry A. Hull ought to pay for the luxury.

The promoters of the General Electric, being still at large, ought to be engaged to teach our American youth the secret of success. Capitalization of forgery and successful floating of issues based thereon is a new and striking symptom of original enterprise.

Gaudeamus Igitur.

Slightly Modernized.

Let us whoop while we are young
With a joyous note;
After glad youth's lightsome pranks,
After bald old-ages' cranks,
A wooden overcoat.

Vergilian Couplets.

Cæsar said to Cicero,
"Tall worms in little acorns grow."

Quoth Rameses unto Miss Sphinx,
"Time is long between our drinks."

Integer Vitae.

With Apologies to Horace.

The man who does things brown and square,
Tho' he wander 'mid the Indians,
Need wear no skate strap round his hair,
Nor clothe himself in frying pans.

Tho' his politics displease the Micks,
And tho' he claim the right to vote,
His skull will ne'er be cracked by bricks
Nor bullets perforate his coat.

The Pulpit.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight.

THE ANNUAL REVIEW.

A sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered in All Souls' Church, Chicago, January 1, 1899.

Bookkeeping is an attainment of civilized man. The ledger is more than a business convenience. It is organized conscience. It is mathematical ethics. It is addition, subtraction, multiplication and division rendered into terms of equity. The multiplication table and the balances combine in the interest of fair play. The monthly balance sheet and the annual invoice of stock and general posting of the books is no more important to the commercial than to the religious interest of man. When our pulpits will become as modern in their methods as our business houses, and the methods of our churches are brought down to date as our manufacturing houses are, there will be more of the kookkeeping method in our church work. The debits and credits of the spiritual life will be more carefully noted, duly recorded and the result religiously heeded.

Our papers yesterday and this morning are full of startling and stimulating footings obtained from these accountings. This is very well, but let the men not cease their work until they have carried the accounting into the intangible but all potent realms of the spirit.

To help along this final balance sheet, to exhibit the debits and credits of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight, I come with my annual suggestions to this desk.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight has decimated the ranks of the noble. We first note the gaps in the line:

Mary Cowden Clarke, the great and patient Shakesperian scholar, who, with her husband, gave us the great Shakesperian concordance, has left us in the fullness of years; "Lewis Carroll," who made classic that nonsense of children that is so allied to wisdom, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," the book in which humor is profound; Frances Willard, all in all the foremost woman of America, the gentle captain of reform, the field marshal of the commonplace women of the fireside, numbered by the millions. She immeasurably raised the potency of motherhood in America. She did more, perhaps, than any other woman in our history to give to woman the place and recognition she deserves, because the lever which she used was specifically ethical. Culture, refinement, study, social and intellectual training were encouraged by Miss Willard, but she limited not her work to the favored few of the cities who have a margin of leisure to give to the exclusive activities of high-priced clubs and other cultured circles. She reached the wives and daughters of the farmers and the mechanics. She touched the mothers who live in the hamlets, on the by-ways of America in such a way that the thrill of life reached crowned heads and swayed the potencies of Europe. She worked for the fathers, sons and husbands of women, and thus advanced woman and her rights most effectively. We are still too near Frances Willard to measure her marvelous work or to estimate the splendid power that ceased to work when she ceased to breathe. General Rosecrans, perhaps last of the great captains of the Civil War, laid down to his rest last year. Finland lost her Walter Scott in Zacherie Topelius. This iron age lost its greatest industrial prophet in the death of Henry Bessemer, whose invention gave to steel the power of a new metal. The weird Remenyi in music, Burne-Jones, in art, who painted not things, but thoughts; Thomas Keene, the honest actor; George Ebers, who made himself great as an Egyptologist and as a writer of fiction; Professor John C. Zachos, once a beloved teacher of mine, who for thirty years and more was the wise curator of the Cooper Institute in New York; Harold Frederic, the man who, through journalism, reached literature, and whose work done was but a promise of better things yet to do, and George E. Waring, Jr., a knight of the new order, a very chevalier of social science, a man who led forth his white-robed angels of health to fight dirt, are among the year's losses. Over the water, the great Bismarck, the "Grand Old Man" of England, and Baron Rothschild, stand out and stand up in biblical proportions in the final balance sheet of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight; while nearer home, stalwart Parker Pillsbury, almost the last of the noble line of anti-slavery workers; Thomas Bayard, Calvin S. Brice and, lastly, Justin S. Morrill, the veteran of the United States Senate, have rounded out noble lives in serene deaths in the year gone.

But this is no time to mention names or to catalogue the dead, for Eighteen Ninety-eight, spite of all attempt to lighten its record or to make bright is horoscope, should settle down into our lives as a black year, as all war years are and should be. It is only the indomitable piety in the human soul, the divine buoyancy of the human heart, the far-reaching, unconscious faith in the ultimate triumph of the good that enables us to forget the horrors of the reality and to misinterpret to its credit the immediate and direct result of the human butchery we call war. Righteous warriors there have been, noble soldiers who have died gloriously, women who have suffered with sublime vicariousness for a cause, under the banners of war. War on the one side or the other has been sometimes justified of history, but in the larger vision and in the truer estimate there never has been a righteous war since the world began, and there never will be. War is rooted in iniquity. War has always been the outcome of hatred. It is related to the brute. It is an expression of the claws, the fangs, the horns and the tusks with which nature has armed her lower and coarser animals, enabling them to tear and poison their way upward. There never has been a war but that the wise on both sides, looking back, have seen how it all might have been avoided, how it need not have been; what they thought was a divine call to slaughter, in the light of history appears only as an arraignment of human wisdom, an indication of the pitiable impatience of man, the petulance of the human will. The cost of the last war in money and in blood can be estimated. The footings will be in the year books of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine. Perhaps it has been a "good investment." We are told that the Philippines are cheap at forty million dollars, plus the cost of the Dewey campaigns, and that Porto Rico and the commercial advantages that are to accrue to us from better relations with Cuba will more than compensate for the cost in life and treasure of the Spanish-American war. We must not be unmindful of the spiritual gains that come from a chastened spirit. Humiliation fertilizes the soul.

Spain is wiser than it was a year ago. Let us hope that the people of the United States are, and that eventually the Cubans will be better pleased with the new domination than they were with the old, though at the present time they seem but poorly resigned to their emancipation and do not feel profoundly grateful to their emancipators.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight has given us, as a nation, a chance to try the efficiency of the new enginery of destruction which science has perfected. We have had an opportunity of testing our breech-loading, disappearing, thirteen-inch guns and the smokeless powder. We have found, to our satisfac-

tion, that they work well, that science did not miscalculate their effectiveness. We have found, also, that men can be as brave working levers and touching electric buttons as they used to be in swinging cutlasses. We have found that the heart of man has within it the same reserve of courage when environed with modern armament as it had in the days of chain armor, the pike and the tournament. All these lessons are valuable. Have we ourselves, or our European neighbors, been haunted with the misgiving that invention and the so-called "luxuries" of civilization were debilitating to body or devitalizing to soul, the experiences of the last year have dissipated that misgiving. We can trust human nature, our human nature, to do its duty when it sees it, at least on the battlefield. Once more we have learned that men who live indifferently can die gloriously. Once more we are compelled to recognize the easy lesson of history which we are so slow to believe—that it is easier to die nobly than to live respectably; that there is always more courage to do than there is to bear; that it is easier to be a hero in the military sense than a sage and a saint in the spiritual realm. Put it as you please, the soldier ranks lower than the citizen. It is easier to raise the one to his maximum usefulness than the other. Even the United States, schooled to democracy, has a military service which shames our civil service, and men seem to be more certain in their shot than they are in their votes.

All of this is a part of the lesson of Eighteen Ninety-eight. It becomes us then to be careful how we estimate the military story of the United States during Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight. Tottering Spain has been driven from the Western Hemisphere. Her poorly managed navy has been sent to the bottom of the sea by the splendidly managed navy of the United States. Cuba is free from Spanish tyranny, but what began as friendly help to Cuba, the sufferers on a neighboring island, has, by the vicissitudes of war, the accidents of an easy conquest, thrown us into the heart of the "Eastern question." The Sunday morning work at Manila left upon our hands the mighty archipelago of the Philippines: Nine millions or more simple children of nature, fifteen hundred islands in tropic seas on the other side of the globe, are "ours," to use the easy term of conquering nations, "ours" by right of conquest, "ours" by right of purchase, "ours" by the consent, perhaps of everybody except the nine millions that are to be governed, the nine millions to whom the God of the universe gave the ground-right, the fundamental title of these islands, nine millions that must either be supplanted or civilized, the nine millions most concerned. I, a Welshman in the line of Caradoc, remember his words to the Roman conquerer, "We prefer to be untutored free men to being polished slaves," and I sympathize with the inhabitants of the Philippines when they ask to be let alone to spell out their own destiny, even if it must be with cutlass and with bludgeon, with all the friendly helps that civilization can bring to them, all the quickening exchanges that commerce yields, but with no tyrannical coersion. I am a republican and take the Declaration of Independence at its word and do believe that "possession," "annexation," except by consent of the annexed "colonies," except in so far as they have some kind of rational representation, are inconsistent with and antagonistic to the very essence of republicanism. I believe in moral forces more than in physical, and do not think that the destiny of a people can be determined by commercial forces, either from the within or the without. Be this as it may, we now find ourselves anxious about our armament, trusting to our powder, boasting of our bigness, and perhaps bargaining for endless warfare, for notwithstanding some cheap rhetoric, in pulpit and press, about the Temple of Janus being closed and the nations of the world being at peace with each other, we are reminded that all along the Asiatic and African line there is war now. In Africa Great Britain has no less than four different campaigns on foot; one at least in Asia; France has two African armies; China, Central America and South America are mobolizing troops. Shall the United States enter upon this border warfare? Shall we try to push back the unoffending and simple life of the savage with the more savage weapons of civilization? Africa is to receive the overflow of European and American civilization in the twentieth century. Asia is to respond to the daily paper and the telegraph in the twentieth century. Shall we enter these new problems and visit these undeveloped fields with our uniforms on or shall we stay outside only as we can enter one by one, shielded by our kindness and armed with love? The war of Eighteen Ninety-eight is not over. Let us beware lest it bequeathes to Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine broken ideals of democracy, a weakened faith in love, a more circumscribed interest in humanity, and, perhaps worst of all, it has distracted us from the real problems at home. During this last year there have been five thousand one hundred and twenty suicides in the United States, seven thousand eight hundred and forty murders, one hundred and nine legal hangings, one hundred and twenty-seven lynchings, seventeen of these were in Arkansas, fifteen in Mississippi, fourteen in South Carolina, twelve each in Alabama and Georgia, ten in Louisiana, while in all the great state of New York, in Massachusetts and Wisconsin, there were none at all, and in Illinois there was but one. Five million eight hundred and fifty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-three dollars were lost by embezzlement last year in the United States. Hopefully, so far as the statistics of the Chicago *Tribune* are reliable, all these items are somewhat less than they were a year ago, but still they are serious enough to demand attention. About $24,000,000 represent the aggregate charites to colleges, museums, art galleries and libraries, against $34,000,000 of the preceding year. Notwithstanding the tremendous commercial gains of the country, as indicated by the reports just coming in, it still remains true that the prosperity for which we have been waiting seems to tarry in the upper stories. The wretched classes are still wretched; the middle classes seem to be more and more perplexed, and so far as the present commercial forces can be measured, they are destined to be still harder pushed. Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight witnessed the sad labor riots, the economic hardships and executive blunderings that almost amounted to an industrial war at Virden, in our own state.

But I would not to-day be a predicter of evil. Over against these gloomy figures and ominous problems to be seen on our horizon, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight fills me with great hopes. In the social, civic, intellectual and religious realms there have been most hopeful developments and inspiring results. Conventional society is becoming more and more ashamed of itself and real vital society, the contact of soul with soul for the benefit of others, is becoming more and more developed. The "women's clubs" are beginning to be ashamed of their "woman" limitation and are beginnig to apologize for their exclusiveness on the ground that it is to be only temporary and for educational reasons only.

The favored men among us are no longer satisfied to gather together for amusement, for smoking and for card playing, but here in Chicago, as elsewhere, the men's clubs that a few years ago were the homes of luxurious complacency, have become centers of civic reform, colleges of practical politics in the best sense of that word. Partisanship in politics, secrtarianism in religion, has been immeasurably ameliorated in Eighteen

Hundred and Ninety-eight by congresses and conventions of teachers, charitable workers and ministers of religion; everywhere there is a restlessness in the presence of the dividing lines of sect and party, and the cry is heard, "Let us be one." Canada has startled the world through its temperance plebiscite. That mighty realm almost won prohibition by popular vote, the great city of Toronto giving fifteen thousand majority in the interest of sobriety, for that was the intent of the vote, whatever the practical methods might be. Pingree, as Governor of Michigan, and Samuel Jones, as Mayor of Toledo, have openly championed the cause of the toiler, advocated the most aggressive measures in municipal and other reforms. They and many another candidate of the people of lesser note have defied the crack of the whip of the party boss and won. Here in Chicago we have overridden the cupidity of capital and the legislative dishonesty that always follows in the wake of corrupting money, with a moral indignation. We have beaten, in open fight, the iniquitous attempt to profit by the iniquitous Allen Law's provision for securing possession of our streets for fifty years to come for a consideration that is absurd in the face of present knowledge and still more absurd in the presence of the incalculable possibilities of invention and wisdom which the next half century is sure to develop. Here we have taken a notable step forward, untying the hands of Dr. Andrews, superintendent of our public schools, and given him his freedom to do his best.

Samuel Jones, in his second annual message to the common council of the city of Toledo, last October, recommended that the city should manufacture its own fuel gas, own and operate its own electric lighting plant, abandon the contract system on public work, compile and publish its own city directory, grant no further street franchises to private corporations, establish kindergartens as a part of the public school system, sprinkle its own streets, multiply playgrounds for the children, establish free public baths and give back the schoolhouses to the public that built them, to the extent that they may become centers of life and intelligence, culture, centers to parents as well as to children, in the evenings as well as in the daytime, through July and August as well as through the remaining months. In all this he but asked for what is the growing demand of the intelligent and the competent everywhere. It is along these lines that the great development of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight is to be discovered. These and such as these are the far-reaching forces it fostered.

The great senator from Vermont, the venerable Mr. Morrill, whose death I have already mentioned, in 1858 secured the passage of a law in Congress, setting aside many million acres of public land to be devoted to the technical education of American toilers, particularly American farmers. President Buchanan, in his stupidity, vetoed the bill. In 1862, the same law was reenacted and Lincoln, in his wisdom, signed the bill, when it would seem as though the whole national fabric was about to tumble over his head. Next to the Emancipation Proclamation, this was the most important official signature that Abraham Lincoln ever wrote. That law established Cornell University, established or reorganized the agricultural colleges in every state in the Union and is more or less directly the foundation of the best technical schools in America to-day. It is these slow-going and far-reaching forces, the birth of which is unnoticed, that tell for the greatness of a nation, not the crack of a gun in Manila or any other bay. The Christ-child is still manger born. The saviors of the world are ever cradled with the cattle and the earth is redeemed by love and not by terror, by reason and not by force, by judgment and not by passion.

For this reason the most lasting deposits of one year in the interests of the other are always the deposit of brains to be found in the literary output. It takes more than a year to measure a great book, and if none such has yet been discovered it does not follow that there are no permanent contributions to the wealth of the world in the books of the year, although at near sight the output seems meager enough. I, whom am a slow reader of novels, am not the one to speak of these, but it is quite evident that those who have not invested much of their time in reading the novels of the year are to be congratulated, for now they will not have to read them for the great bulk of them are already dead and outgrown. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Hellbeck of Bannisdale" probably stands out alone in the fiction of the year, although in the *Outlook's* search for the ten books of the year, ending September 30, we find F. Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West," Walter A. Wyckoff's "The Workers," Kate Douglass Wiggin's "Penelope's Progress," and Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau." Missing the great creative books, those books that make the treasures of the past more available, either in new editions or better compilations, are always welcome and always valuable. So "Tennyson's Life and Letters," "Gladstone's Life," and (to those who like it) "Bismarck's Life," stand out as great contributions. It is rather sad, though very interesting, for us to find Colonel Higginson, Edward Everett Hale and Julia Ward Howe falling into the reminiscent mood, but they bring to us bright memories of the brightest side of American life. Out of this same period George W. Cooke brings the charming "Letters of George William Curtiss to John S. Dwight," in a book that is a contribution to the history of thought in America. John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" is one more of his invaluable contributions to American history. Charles A. Dana's "Reflection of the Civil War" and H. Clay Turmbull's "Memories of an Army Chaplain" are valuable reminders of the heroic days of 1861-65. The untimely death of Bellamy brings to us a memorial edition of that book which had more wisdom in it than the author dreamed of when it was written. The book upon which Henry George was at work when he died has been given us by his son. Charles F. Dole of Boston has discovered the hopeful side of social study and has given us the inspiration of the workers for the better social order in his little book on "The Coming People." Harry D. Lloyd's "Labor Copartnership" and the wise reflections of our friend "Dooley," the philosopher of "Archey Rood," are books not to be overlooked in the year's output. The first must be read that we may be hopefully astonished at the progress already made in solving the few questions of labor and capital, the latter for the sheer enjoyment of its fine sarcasm without bitterness, wisdom in the guise of a dialect humor that is the richest that has been given us since the great achievements of "Hosea Bigelow."

In the comparative study of religion the work goes steadily on. Professor Jastrow has given us in one volume the result of scholarship concerning the religion of Babylon and Assyria up to date. The *Open Court* has given us a reprint of "The Travels of Huc," the Catholic missionary who over fifty years ago opened the way to an appreciation of the thought and religion of China; Doctor Carus has given us two or three contributions of his own in this direction. The coöperation of the Chicago publishing house with Japanese artists in the manufacture of these books is of great significance, an interesting prophecy. Of the countless books in the domain of religion and Bible study I can speak of but a very few. The "Divine Drama, or the Manifestation of God in the Universe," by Granville Ross Pike, is a book which would have

created a profound sensation five years ago. It is written by a Presbyterian minister in good standing, a man of culture. It is the result of many years of study. He has fitted the manifestation of God in the universe into one comprehensive system, according to the unflinching law of evolution. Christ and God, Bible and Heaven, property and the home, are all here given a coherent place in the one system, without break or miracle. That the book did not create a sensation is the most interesting and encouraging thing about it, for it shows how far the old religious organizations have already readjusted themselves to the new thought and the new thinking. In the Bible realm, the appearance of four volumes of the "Polychrome Bible in English" is an event of great significance, a work of immense suggestiveness. Under the best scholarship the English language can afford, the various stratas of the Bible are here reproduced in different colors, so that its geologic character is revealed to the eye and thence to the mind. Professor Moulton's "The Modern Reader's Bible," completed this year, does much the same thing, though not as successfully. Released from their arbitrary surroundings he has taken the several books of the Bible and allowed them to stand by themselves and on their own merits. Professor Cornil's "History of the People of Israel" and Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile," the third volume of the American lectures on "The History of Religion," are also to be noted among the available publications of the year.

The poets seem still to lag, but, missing the new ones, we have the old ones made more and more available to us. John J. Chapman has given us a volume of essays on Emerson, Walt Whitman, Browning and others. Oscar L. Triggs of the University of Chicago has given us a volume of "Selections from Walt Whitman," and the new Whitman Publishers in Boston have given us "The Wound Dresser," a series of Whitman's hospital letters, and at last we have an edition of Robert Browning fully annotated and with all the necessary helps, in twelve beautiful volumes, which can be obtained in prices ranging from seventy-five cents a volume upward, brought out by the Crowell Company of New York.

Last year I spoke of the discovery of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro elevator boy, whose poetry was attracting the attention of the competent everywhere. He is still a rising light. His visit to England was an ovation and his last volume is a venture in prose. This year there comes to us from a still more unexpected quarter, from the grim shadows of the sweatshop, Morris Rosenfeld, a Russian Jewish refugee, who sings in his "Yiddish" jargon the sad songs of the overworked. We have only a prose translation of the thin volume "The Songs of the Ghetto." He sings the humble songs of labor in its most pathetic form. It is "The Song of the Shirt" brought down to date, only now it is the song of the cloak and the coat which the wealthy and favored wear. He sings the grim song of the "Sweatshop," of the "Pale Operator," of the tear that sizzles on the hot iron and of the fitful dreams of the exhausted. When we have read them we exclaim with him, "Doubly cursed be the system that makes such pictures possible." Of the "Pale Operator" of the sewing machine, he says:

"Pray, how long will the weak one drive the bloody wheel? Who can tell me his end? Who knows the terrible secret?

"Hard, very hard to answer that! But one thing is certain: When the work will have killed him another will be sitting in his place and sewing."

But Liberty will not always be bound as he here sings of her, and the poet who in his poem, entitled "Creation," is represented as being created with wings, is to help drive away this last gloom. The automotor in some form or another has come to stay. The contract for one thousand of these horesless vehicles to meet the European market, placed last week with a Chicago manufacturer, is very significant. The resources of men are not yet exhausted. The wit that is releasing the horse will yet release the man. The slave of the sweatshop will yet be emancipated. If he is unable to break his own chains, then from above, by the "noblesse oblige" of the favored will come his freedom. Some divine Consumers' League will arise that will spurn to wear clothes stitched with human nerves and pressed with human blood. Its members will be ashamed to boast of the cheapness of the garments they wear and refuse to buy goods dishonorably made and inadequately paid for. Great things are yet to happen.

In Chicago and in Madison, Wis., color-photography has been reached and is almost practical. In Chicago it is attained by the use of different colored pigments in the printing from plates made by means of the camera; in Madison Professor Woods has caught the colors on the glass itself. Surely the inventive power that can dissect the ray of light, catch its tints and compel the sun to photograph his own rays will be equal to this higher though apparently more simple task of establishing common justice in the world, securing fair play between man and man, giving every honest soul a chance, every willing hand a task, every mouth a meal and every back a garment such as becomes them when the owners thereof are not only able but willing to earn them.

This is the big task which Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight bequeaths to Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine. The richest gift of all is the gift of noble work. The high problem yet unsolved is the problem of giving the willing a chance to work and the worker fair returns for his work.

Curiosities of Literature.

"Predicting the Consequences of Abolition."

The slaves—now worth so many hundred millions of dollars—would become worthless to themselves and nuisances to society. No free state in the Union would be willing to receive them into her dominions. They would be everywhere expelled from the empires of freemen.

Our lands, like those of the British West Indies, would become almost valueless for the want of laborers to cultivate them. The most beautiful garden-spots of the sunny South would, in the course of a few years, be turned into a jungle, with only here and there a forlorn plantation. Poverty and distress, bankruptcy and ruin, would everywhere be seen. Such are some of the fearful consequences of emancipation.

—Albert Taylor Bledsoe, in "Cotton is King."

The Alarming Progress of Luxury in New England.

The times wherein old Pompion was a saint
Where men fared hardly yet without complaint.
'Twas in those days an honest grace would hold,
Till our hot pudding grew at heart a cold,
And men had better stomachs at religion.
Than I to capon, turkey—cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbor's state.
'Twas ere a barge had made so rich a freight,
As chocolate, dust-gold and bitts of eight.

"New Englands Crisis," About 1675,
By Benjamin Thompson.

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, so far I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and it would be unwise to extend them."—Washington's farewell address, Sept. 17, 1896.

"I have hoped that Spain would be enabled to establish peace in her colony (Cuba). . . . In my judgment the United States should adhere to the policy and principles which have heretofore been its sure and safe guides in like contests between revolted colonies and their mother country."—President Grant's Seventh Annual Message, Dec. 7, 1875.

The Study Table.

Jane Austen.

*Jane Austen's novels have recently been made the subject of much correspondence and discussion in the *New York Times*. Mr. William L. Alden, the London literary correspondent of that paper, some months ago demanded, "Who reads Jane Austen's novels?" or affirmed that nobody reads them nowadays. Did he really mean what he said or was he simply reverting to his former habit of joking when he was "the funny editor" of the *Times?* Certainly if he had been seeking a device for compelling the friends and admirers of Jane Austen to stand up and be counted he could not have chosen a better. They have stood up by the dozens and by scores, yet, numerous as they have been, they have been merely representative of a much greater company. We know of a good many who are ardent in their devotion to Jane Austen who have made no sign. I have made none myself, and yet I read and reread her. I should like to read three, at least, of her novels once a year, and my dearest friend is of the same mind regarding her, and does more as she wishes to than I can myself.

Miss Austen's friends have had no difficulty in quoting opinions of the greatest possible distinction on their side. Their biggest gun is, of course, Sir Walter Scott, with his classic comment: "Read again, and for the third time at least Miss Austen's very finely written novel, 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent for ascribing the involvement and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any new song, but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Both Macaulay and Tennyson have gone so far as to name her in the same breath with Shakespeare; not, as Macaulay says, that she is his equal or second, but that she approaches "nearest to the manner of the great master." Tennyson said it twice over, once, "She was a great artist, equal, in her small sphere, to Shakespeare;" and again, "The realism and lifelikeness of Miss Austen's *dramatis personae* come nearest to those of Shakespeare." Yet, when Charlotte Brontë wrote "Jane Eyre" she had never read Miss Austen and could not understand why Mr. Lewis should like her so much, herself finding her "only shrewd and observant." Our own Howells has gone so far in praise of her that he has brought upon himself a counterblast from those who greatly admire Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot very much. All these, according to Mr. Howells, have declined from her and, if I remember rightly, he includes Scott with the others. They are all below her, because less realistic. Yet is there a good deal in Jane Austen that is not realistic, which, nevertheless, she holds us with her soft, unglittering eye. Perhaps the greenest laurel in her wreath—it is certainly one of the freshest—is that contributed by Jowett, who testified that he had read "Pride and Prejudice" dozens of times. (I was going to say fifty, but that is the figure for his reading of "Boswell's Johnson.")

Why do those who admire Jane Austen admire her so much? What reason have they to give for the faith that is in them? For one thing her style is very pleasant. Though it is very different from Thackeray's, it has, like that, an intrinsic charm. For another thing we like the quiet pleasure that she gives us. The times are hot and loud, but she is cool and still. Even her tragedies are not very dreadful ones; we enjoy the discomfiture of the villain and see virtue coming to its own. And then her humor is delicious. It is not pungent; it is a most delicate flavor, but it is all-pervading. She amuses us and we like to be amused. Her situations are narrow, but within their bounds they give us simple truth. We never doubt the reality of her army officers, her curates, her managing mothers and her lovely girls. She is "a kindly wag;" no feeble satirist of the follies which she ridiculed; there is no bitterness in her criticism upon life. "Cameos upon cherry stones" you may call her novels with some truth, while, as applied by Dr. Johnson (or was it Hannah More?) to Milton's sonnets it had none. But how exquisitely those cameos were cut! And there are statues of heroic size that have not their expression and which make no such contribution to the happiness of our too multitudinous and crowded lives.

A comparison of the dates of the novels' composition with that of their publication is at once instructive and pathetic. "Pride and Prejudice" was the first written, in 1797, and it was not published until 1813. "Sense and Sensibility" was written in its present form in 1797, and published in 1811. How distrustful she must have been of her own gift to have withheld these charming things so long. Though "Pride and Prejudice" was her first written, there are those who like it best of all, others preferring "Emma" or "Mansfield Park." These three are generally "in the lead," but some would make a quadrilateral with them and "Persuasion," which Archbishop Whately declared to be "the most elegant fiction of common life" he had ever read. This, were it true, would be most damning praise, for "common life" should not be "elegant." Fortunately Miss Austen's novels are but six all told, so that you can easily read them all, and read them over and over again, which is better than reading many novels once.

The new editions that post upon each other's heels furnish additional proof that Jane Austen is well read. No daintier edition than the present one has yet been made. In every respect it is entirely beautiful, and a set of the volumes should be forwarded to Miss Austen in the Elysian Fields. The charm of the colored illustrations is not equal to that of Hugh Thomson's in the volumes he has illustrated, and they are few compared with those, but they have a quaintness of their own and they are very satisfactory and expressive. And the picture of "dear, delightful Jane" as a young girl makes a lovely frontispiece to the entire series.

J. W. C.

Thackeray's Newcomes.

***This volume adds another to the biographical edition of Thackeray's novels. Little or nothing is called for concerning the novel. The standing of that, at least, is secure. It is one of the greatest and certainly one of the saddest of Thackeray's novels. Thackeray was in poor health and spirits when writing it, or the general gloom would, possibly, have been relieved. What calls for notice is Mrs. Ritchie's introduction. It is one of the most interesting that she has yet contributed. What a pity that with so much of reminiscence, and her father's invaluable letters, she should not write his life, and take the chances of his withstanding her to the face in the Elysian fields! If she will not do that, is it too much to expect that Harper & Bros. will print all of these introductions in a volume by themselves in their chronological sequence? Some time they are sure to serve the purpose of the biographer, who will not be deterred by Thackeray's in-

*Jane Austen's Novels. Edited by Reginald Brumley Johnson, with colored illustrations by H. M. Brock. London, J. M. Dent & Co. New York, Macmillan Co. 1898.

***The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most respectable family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq., by William Makepeace Thackeray, with illustrations by Richard Doyle. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1899.

terdict from doing by Thackeray as he did by others.

Mrs. Ritchie sets out with such traditions of her father's childhood and youth as illustrate situations in the early parts of "The Newcomes." That the boy was father of the man the signs are manifold. When seven years old, writing of a day on the seashore, he says, "This has been Neptune day with me." In the same letter, writing of the Chiswick school boy, he says, "I intend to be one of those heroes in time." When ten he said of some odd character, "He's a Noun substantive; he stands by himself." A little later we have the first embryo of his "Four Georges." He had seen the Prince Regent's yacht "and the bed on which he takes his *royal snore*." There are valuable supplements to the Charterhouse traditions, one of John Leech's being made to stand on a table and sing to the other boys. But should not this story have been saved for "Dr. Brush's School?"

Part II of the introduction tells how "The Newcomes" was written. Exactness is not Mrs. Ritchie's foible and she gives two dates for its completion, June 20 and June 28, 1855. It was begun July 7, 1863. There is another mistake. Mrs. Ritchie tells us that her father stopped dictating to her and took the pen when he came to Col. Newcome's sickness in the fifty-second chapter. It should be the eightieth. Much of it was written on the wing, from place to place on the continent. How the story "was actually revealed to him" in a little wood at Berne is told very prettily. Dr. Bellows' prevision that Col. Newcome was a compound of Don Quixote and Sir Roger De Coverley is made good, in part, at least, by the confession that Don Quixote was Thackeray's *Vade Mecum* when he was writing the novel. John Henry Newman, reading the first two chapters, pronounced "the style the right sort of thing," an interesting comment of one master of style upon another. Elsewhere we have Thackeray's comment on Newman, "that somewhere in his heart he was a sceptic, but that he had shut it down and locked it up, and with Solomon's seal, and went on; really (?) believing in the Catholic faith." Once after a bad night he asked, "How could I sleep with Col. Newcome making a fool of himself, as he has done?" "But why did you let him?" asked a friend. "Oh, it was in him to do it," answered Thackeray; "he must." Truly, as Burne-Jones said, "He depicted human nature as it is and was both sorry for it and proud of it." J. W. C.

The Atonement.

**Any who have imagined that the expiratory and commercial views of the atonement belong wholly to a discarded theology may have their minds disabused by reading these books. Dr. Wace does warn against unworthy views of the sacrifice of Christ, especially "such images as that of the payment of a ransom," or that of "simply a debt discharged." None the less, he regards the death of Christ as freeing God from the painful necessity of executing his judgments of wrath upon man. For "God cannot abolish that moral constitution of things which he has established;" but when our judge "chooses to take upon himself the consequences which his laws would otherwise have entailed upon his creatures, what room is there but for adoring gratitude?" Since "God condescends to say that that awful example is enough to indicate his moral law, once and for all," it follows that "punishment, for the sole purpose of vindicating God's justice, is no longer required." To some of us this seems an unworthy view, not of the sacrifice of Christ, so much as of the nature of God, who is thus caught in a web of his own weaving. Nor is the matter made better by Dr. Wace's portraiture of the risen Christ pleading for us at the Father's right hand, "with all the influence which his sufferings for us confer upon him." That the "claim" of Christ "upon his Father's mercy, which he established by bearing the consequences of our sins when he was upon earth" should have to be urged in order to secure justice and mercy from him whom we call "Our Father," is hardly the picture of God's dealing with his children that comports with Jesus' teachings or with the best modern thought.

Dr. Wace's book is, however, a long step in advance of that of Dr. Pierson, who advocates the commercial view of the atonement in its bald simplicity. "Here is a man," he says, by way of illustration, "whose father's bankruptcy bankrupts the whole family. There is, however, another party, it may be an uncle or a grandparent, who, in this crisis, assumes all the liabilities, pays all the debts, and thus redeems the family name and credit. Now, is it not plain that, so far as this son is identified with his bankrupt father he is himself financially ruined; but that, so far as he is identified with the party who pays the debts, he is delivered from bankruptcy and financially justified?" Doubtless. But is that a picture of God's dealings with men? Are our sins as external to us as that son's bankruptcy was to him? Were he (as he might as well have been, so far as the case requires) a babe in arms when the transaction occurred, he might never have known of his peril or at what cost he enjoyed his subsequent prosperity. The condemnation of this view of the death of Christ is that that event becomes a technical satisfaction for theoretical sins inferentially committed by hypothetical men. No wonder Dr. Pierson admits that such an idea "never would have entered into the heart of any mere man," since it is "so wonderful that it would be incredible, were it not found," as he assumes, "in the inspired scriptures."

Perhaps it may dawn upon such writers some day that sin, if it have any reality, is a personal experience and to be expiated only by him who commits it; that God does not blunder into a legal difficulty so serious as to require his own death to extricate himself from it; that Christ's work among men did not begin with his death; that the synoptical gospels are as worthy of consideration in determining the many of Jesus' mission as are the Epistles; that "bone" is a greater fact than "blood," and that Jesus, the human brother and the embodiment of the universal beneficience, is a more potent help to erring humanity than is this legal figment of the schools. W. I. LAWRENCE.

Meadville, Pa.

**The Sacrifice of Christ. By Henry Wace, D. D., Chaplain to the Queen, etc., New York, the Macmillan Company. Pages VII-93. Price 50 cents.

In Christ Jesus. By A. T. Pierson, D. D., Editor of the Missionary Review of the World. New York and London, Funk and Wagnalls Company. Pages XV-197. Price 60 cents.

If *Political Science Quarterly* cannot fill its pages with articles of more value than those which we have recently been called upon to review, and that one in the December number by Prof. Giddings, on "Imperialism," it might better not be published at all. However, it contains "A Study of Trade Unionism," which is an article of real merit. Some of the reviews of current literature are as good as others are bad. On the whole, *Political Science Quarterly* needs to have edited out a lot of local historical quids and Columbia College conceits.

Atlanta for January is crowded full of valuable material, and I believe that there is not a line that is not of importance. The articles by President Eliot of Harvard, on "Destructive and Constructive Energies of Our Government Compared," justly heads the list. A thoroughly good article on "Fathers and Mothers and Freshmen," should be read by those who propose to trust their boys to the unmerciful problems of a college education. E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

MON.—Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.

TUES.—Labor is discovered to be the great, the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.

WED.—O! God, animate us to cheerfulness! May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness.

THURS.—The exaltation of talent, as it is called above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age.

FRI.—We never know a great character until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.

SAT.—Anxiety is a form of cowardice, embittering life.

W. E. Channing.

The Lamplighter.

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time, and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door;
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many more.
And oh! before you hurry by, with ladder and with light,
O, Leerie, see a little child, and nod to him to-night!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

On Duty.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with his newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm-chairs when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie, who was playing in the yard, "Neddie, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come now, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carrying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks, and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, though the cows, chewing their cuds under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I'm a sentinel or guard," said Neddie.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed!" answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers musn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well!" said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called, "Neddie, Neddie, where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money: "Now don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddie had gone, Uncle Alex started to the postoffice. When he reached the little brook, which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie standing on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the water.

"Hallo, Neddie!" he said. "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise. "We're not playing soldier any more. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and dispatch, and, knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather, to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as though he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his uncle's face for a monent or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, he was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the postoffice steps reading a letter when he happened to see Neddie come out of the grocery store with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he, though in a very good-natured way, declined their invitation and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

You'll Get There in the Mornin'.

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hopin' that the sun'll rise,
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs,
An, you'll get there in the mornin'!

Keep on ploughin' when you've missed the crops,
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
An' you'll get there in the mornin'!

—Frank L. Stanton in the Christian Register.

A Friend in Need.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.

This friend was a tame stag who belonged to a lady living near Manila in the Philippine Islands. He was a great pet and allowed to roam around at his will.

The ponies did not have the same freedom. When they were taken out they must be tethered. One day the man who fed the ponies tied one of them with a very short rope, and then carelessly put its bunch of hay beyond its reach.

The poor little beast strained at his rope to reach his meal in vain. His owner, watching from the window, was about to go to his help, when she saw the stag standing by and taking in the situation. She waited to see what would happen.

The stag soon found a way out of the difficulty. He bent his proud head, lifted part of the hay on his antlers, and put it down under the pony's nose. Then he went back for more; in a few minutes the grateful little pony had his full meal before him and was making a hearty breakfast.—*The Outlook.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Chicago.—A painful incident occurred last week at a funeral in this city. The officiating clergyman felt called upon to set forth his ideas concerning salvation and the chances of felicity after death to the soul that had not known the "redemption through Christ." This seemed to outrage the friends of the deceased, who, although an honored and loved citizen, was a member of no church. A layman, a friend and neighbor, rose to speak the word of appreciation and to vindicate the larger hope. Painful as was the situation, our sympathies are with the offending minister. The presence of the dead must not intimidate the thinking of the living. We can but feel that the Chicago *Chronicle,* in a discriminating editorial upon the subject, is just in the summing up of the case when it said, "Mr. Jacoby was in the right. If the friends of Mr. Williams expected Mr. Jacoby to put aside his convictions they were in the wrong. The incident merely illustrates once more the unsatisfactory nature of funeral services conducted according to a creed which the deceased did not profess."

Dr. Canfield of St. Paul's Church is organizing a week of prayer among the Universalists, and the daily papers say that some of the Unitarian ministers are to join. Dr. Canfield is to conduct a "retreat" among the ministers, and evening services are to be held around in the churches. The program is to be relieved by Mr. Lewis' stereopticon lecture on "The Passion Play." The devout life is ever the ideal, and anything that makes for it is not only legitimate but exceedingly desirable. The higher life is reached, not by one but by many ways. The result of this experiment on the part of the liberal ministers will be watched with interest. Whatever their methods and whatever they say, their sincerity will make for breadth, for appreciation, for consecration. The propaganda of denominationalism is at a discount to-day. Happily, the sectarian recruiting officer is not so much in demand, and converts of this kind are not so much in evidence, but a propaganda of civic righteousness, a revival of public and private morals, a coming together in the interests of the common life of the community, irrespective of names and creeds, is much needed. Let the good revival go on.

Among the School Teachers.—The midwinter holidays are becoming more and more important to the cause of education. The great state teachers' association throughout the West hold their meetings during the holiday week. In Illinois the teachers uttered no uncertain sounds against party politics in the management of public schools. There was general rejoicing in the triumph of Professor Andrews in Chicago over the Board of Education, that would fain tie his hands. In Wisconsin an interesting feature was the session given to the consideration of the educational forces that are at work after the school, Farmers' Institutes, the Lyceum, the University Extension, the Summer School, and, most of all, the Traveling Library, which is doing such unique and interesting work in Wisconsin, thanks to the generosity and wisdom of Senator Stout and his associates. In Iowa the teachers petitioned for better training schools for teachers, the district ownership of school books and industrial instruction in the country school and the fostering of public libraries in school districts. All these represent the synthetic forces of religion. The cause of religious unity finds to-day its most effective prophets in the public school room. Where the churches fail us the schoolhouses serve. The cathedral is not always spired or imposing in its architecture, but it is the place where sits one in authority who ministers to the needs of all the people. Such is the intelligent school teacher who works in the humbler schoolhouse at the crossing of country roads in America.

Cambridge Conference.—This is the title under which some very good work is being done at No. 168 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass., under the direction of Dr. Lewis G. Janes. The January announcements give a series of Sunday afternoon lectures, which include the following topics and lecturers:

JANUARY 8.—Hon. Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., U. S. commissioner of labor, "The Relationship of Sunday. Invention to Labor.

JANUARY 15.—Professor Amos E. Dolbear, Ph.D., of Tufts Sunday. College, "Electricity and Civilization."

JANUARY 22.—Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, president of The Sunday. Round Table, Syracuse, N. Y., "Measure Is in All Things Best."

JANUARY 29.—Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D., Sunday. president of the Free Religious Association, "The Bequest of Transcendentalism."

Dr. Janes announces a series of Friday evening lectures on "The Relation of Science to Religious Thought," as follows: 1899.

JANUARY 6.—The Nature of Knowledge and Science Foundations of Faith.

JANUARY 13.—The Idea of God as Affected by the Teachings of Modern Science.

JANUARY 20.—Science and the Problem of Human Destiny.

JANUARY 27.—The Scientific Basis and Sanctions of Morality.

FEBRUARY 3.—How Science Helps to Build the Kingdom of Heaven.

FEBRUARY 10.—Science, Metaphysics and Natural Law.

All this represents work and workers in which the readers of UNITY will take a delight. Dr. Janes has for many years been a friend and contributor to these columns, and we wish him and his work a Happy New Year.

Methodism.—The Methodist Bishops of America have resolved to celebrate the coming of the new century by the raising of a million dollar missionary fund. This is well, but millionaires should have big souls, else the millions are a curse.

Imperialism.—The *Outlook* has joined with several others in resenting the word Imperialism, as applied to the annexation movement, and much correspondence is in progress, but let there be no "darkening of council with words"—call it anything you please. The question of annexation without the consent of the annexed seems to be the question, is it not?

Brooklyn.—If newspaper reports are to be credited the Greater New York is after another Chicago preacher. N. D. Hillis, the successor of the late David Swing, is announced as the probable successor to Lyman Abbott. Judged by the hearing given him, Mr. Hillis is a strong preacher, and he may grow to be a leader of thought and a helper to those who are trying to be religious with their heads, and thus maintain the traditions of Plymouth pulpit. He is yet a young man, and a studious one. As yet he has not been identified with the though problems of religion as much as with the ethical and emotional side of religion. Mr. Hillis will leave a host of friends in Chicago, and the pride and good wishes of the Mississippi Valley will follow him.

A Small Boy's Problem.

I wonder how I'd like it,
And I wonder who I'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else,
And somebody else was me!
I wonder, I just wonder,
What boy I'd like to be,—
Supposing I didn't like him
When I found that he was me!

—*November St. Nicholas.*

A Quick Reply.

That quick wit is not confined to cities was proved last spring by a young woman who was rambling along one of our roads.

She was dressed smartly, and when she met a small, bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy!" she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," said the boy, edging away. "She's on your hat!"—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

Humanly speaking, civilizations, dynasties, governments have gone down into the sea of oblivion. The only wreckage that has come to shore is the battered names of the great captains.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

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PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

Says Emerson in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men," "It is natural to believe in Great Men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be heroes, and their condition royal, it would not surprise us. The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." This explains the fascination of biographical reading. For the majority of people, young and old, there is no book more fascinating than a well-written biography of a worthy man or woman. Few books have lived longer or made a more lasting impression than "Plutarch's Lives." And, since all history is made by its heroes it follows that to know biography is to become acquainted with history. There is no better way of becoming acquainted with American history than by reading the lives of a few great Americans. The Life of Washington, as told in this volume, touches upon the most important points in the war of the Revolution, while the lives of Lincoln, Grant and Lee recount the deeds and reflect the spirit of the Civil War. In the same way the lives of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, as told in this book, present a clear account of the last sixty years of English History.

Yet, notwithstanding the interest and importance of this line of reading, a really good biography, brief enough for the use of young people with limited time for reading, simple and direct, is difficult to find. We believe that in this volume of twenty-three sketches written by one who has been for some years a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, we are offering a work of real merit, which is not less accurate and reliable because written in an easy, familiar style, with an undertone of courage, good cheer and mirthfulness which ought to make it attractive to the youngest readers. We trust they will not be willing to lay the book down with one reading, but will be moved to return to it again and again until they have made its contents their own and its heroes and heroines their life-long friends.

CONTENTS.

George Washington, the Father of his Country; Ulysses S. Grant, the Man of Silence; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter of Illinois; Victoria, Queen of England; Henry W. Longfellow, the Poet of the Common People; Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer; Rosa Bonheur, the Painter of Animals; Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of America; Benjamin Franklin, Statesman, Scientist, Philosopher; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, England's Greatest Woman Poet; Joan of Arc, the Deliverer of France; Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park; William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England; Fridtjof Nansen, Explorer of the Farthest North; Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield; Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist; John Wanamaker, the Successful Man of Business; Robert E. Lee, the Hero of the South; Susan B. Anthony, a Champion of Woman; Frances Willard, the Apostle of Temperance; Galileo, the Student of Nature; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Great Musician; Florence Nightingale, the Sacrificing Sister.

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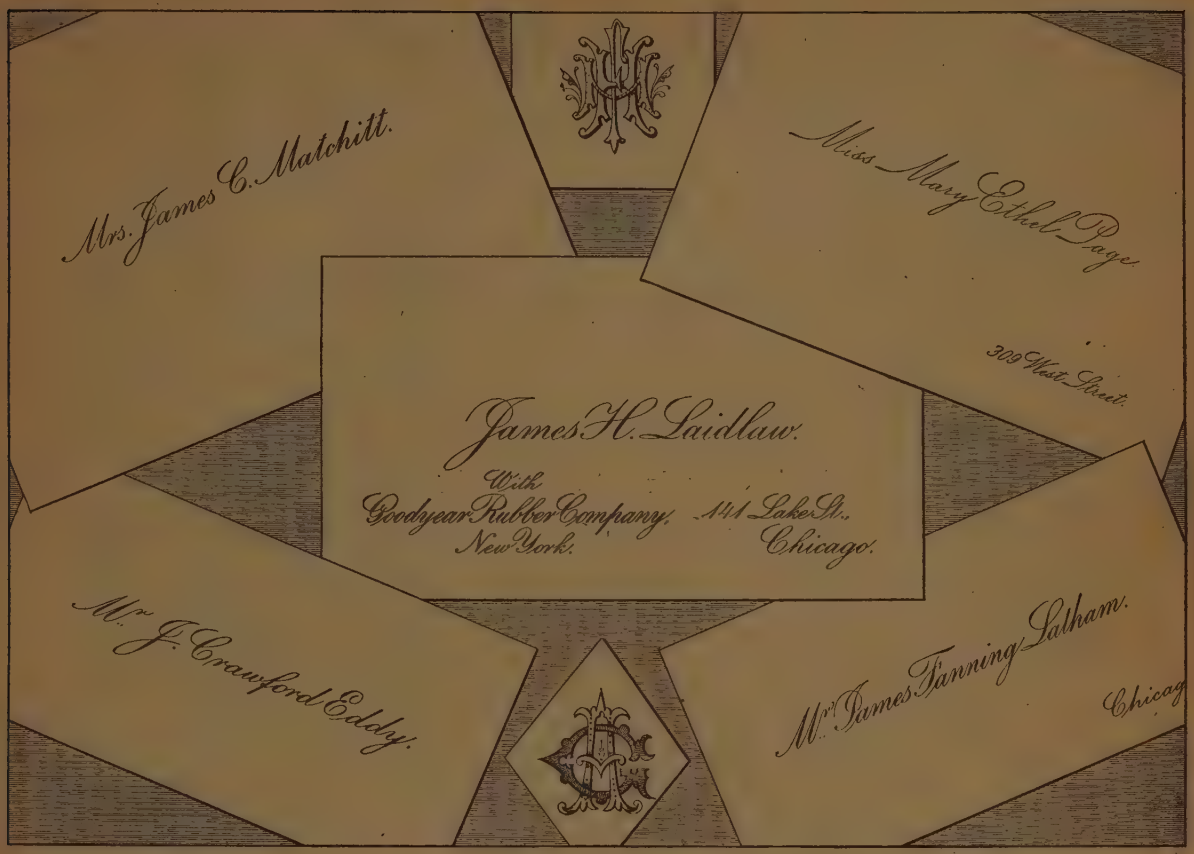

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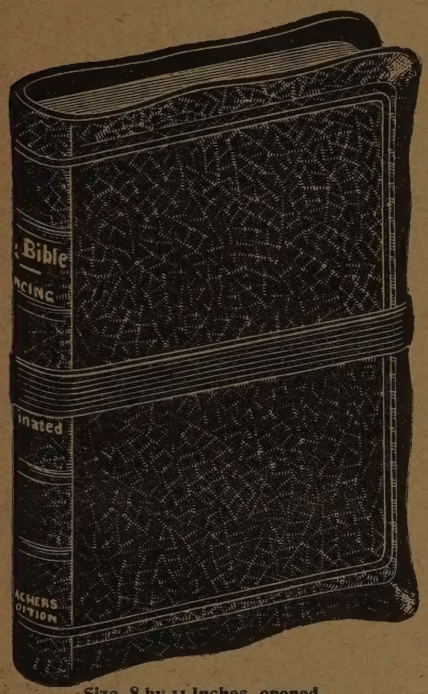

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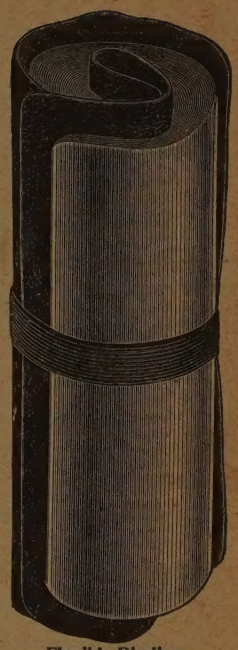

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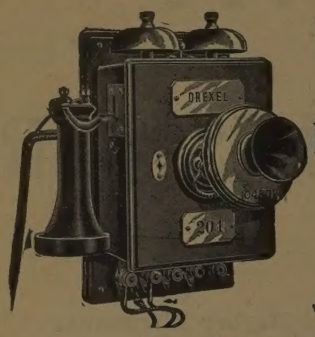

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[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

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All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

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[Chicago Chronicle.]

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